

FALCONRY, SKATING, RACING, PUGILISM, CYCLING, ATHLETICS.

EDITED BY **Harry Beecher.****"KID" MCCOY'S ONE AMBITION.**

Wants to Be the Heavy Weight Champion of the World.

READY TO MEET SHARKEY.

Has Full Confidence in Referee Tim Hurst in Spite of Anonymous Letters.

Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 7.—It has always been my desire to become the champion of the world in my profession. Having clearly demonstrated my superiority over all the best living middle weights by knocking them out or utterly stopping them, I decided to begin with the heavyweights.

My plan was to take all the aspirants for the heavyweight championship one at a time. Gus Ruhlin, by reason of his drawn battle with Jim Jeffries, Joe Choynski and Joe Goddard, was recognized as a pugilist of merit, and my first essay with a good big fellow was against Billy Madden's tough proposition. It was not necessary for me to disclose my full capacity to give intended opponents and rivals a "line," but I easily defeated him without receiving any damage in return.

Ruhlin was a badly beaten man, and both he and his manager have fairly accorded me full credit for the victory, and the Akron heavyweight will testify to my punching powers.

Then came my match with Corbett, when cost me considerable money. He received \$2,500 for expenses, while I received nothing, but I had been more than compensated if I could have induced him to face me in the ring. He deliberately broke away from his match with me to make one with Tom Sharkey. This he did believing that the sailor would "lay down" for him, but found a few days before the fight that Sharkey would not be a party to any job.

Then came my match with Peter Maher. Every concession was made to the Irishman, but Peter's heart once more failed him and I was again left without a match.

The outcome of the Sharkey-Corbett fight proved conclusively that the sailor had become a most important factor in the world's championship question. All boxing authorities paid due homage to Sharkey and his wonderful improvement. It became evident to me that to reach the summit of the only man in my way was Tom Sharkey. Without hesitation I entered into the match, and all arrangements were amicably made without a lot of bluff and abuse. This again proved that when two boxers mean business a match can readily be arranged. Little or no change was made in the articles of agreement as first prepared, and Tom O'Rourke for Sharkey, unhesitatingly agreed on Tim Hurst for referee, my own selection.

Many anonymous letters have been sent me warning me against O'Rourke and Tim Hurst. Many of them hint at close business relations which have existed between O'Rourke and Hurst for years. There are also a lot of more cowardly insinuations. I want to be put on record as stating that I have never had the least intention to a single one of the anonymous letters sent me. My relations with O'Rourke are of a strictly business character, and we have signed agreements covering all details.

As for the referee's duties, the articles of agreement are most explicit, and Tim Hurst possesses my full confidence, as he does that of all other men who know him. I would suggest that the writers of these anonymous letters should employ their methods in another direction, for their efforts in no way influence me have been wasted.

I am not going to fight either O'Rourke or Hurst; my opponent is to be Tom Sharkey, and he will have an audience of several thousands, who will be sub-referees or judges.

Nether Sharkey nor I am looking for any one best of a referee's decision, at least I believe so, and speak for myself. Both of us cannot win, and the loser will naturally feel that he has been deceived.

If my memory serves me right, my contest with Sharkey will be the first that has ever been fought in the United States, which compels the principals to adhere to scientific boxing and fighting at all stages of the contest. In other words, all fighting must be done at long range, and any violation of this agreement subjects the offender to disqualification on a foul. As neither of us holds a license, and as a grand scientific contest should follow.

I want to call attention to the following very important clauses in the articles of agreement:

Clause 8.—The parties of the first part agree to box under the Marquis of Queensbury rules, except that there shall be no clinches or breakaways. They agree that the contest must be fair and scientific and all fighting on the ground, and that all fighting on the ground shall constitute a foul for one contestant to hold the other with one hand and deliver a blow with the other hand.

Clause 10.—It is agreed that when one contestant is holding the other, or when either contestant is holding the other, such act or acts shall constitute a foul, and the referee shall be the referee's duty to see that the contestants are separated when so situated.

From these two clauses the reader will quickly recognize that Referee Hurst's duties will not be very arduous. When we come together with our hands and feet, other, it is compulsory that we refrain from hitting or using force on a foul. It is owing to these rules that I made the match for I made no pretensions to being a wrestler or rough and tumble fighter. It is my great confidence in my science, skill and generalship that induced me to work with a man at least twenty-five pounds heavier than myself in the contest with the best heavyweight pugilist living, with the possible exception of Bob Fitzsimmons. I believe that I will win and want all my friends to know my feelings in that respect. I ask for no credit for my bout with Joe Goddard, for the task was a ridiculously easy one for me to work, harder any time I box my sparring partners, Doc, Payne and Con Riley, than I did when I boxed Goddard.

All I ask for is a fair field and no favors, and if I am not able to demonstrate that science is the master of brawn and muscle then the sooner I know it the better it will be for me.

If defeated I shall be among the first to congratulate the victor and give him full credit. Yours very truly,

KID MCCOY.

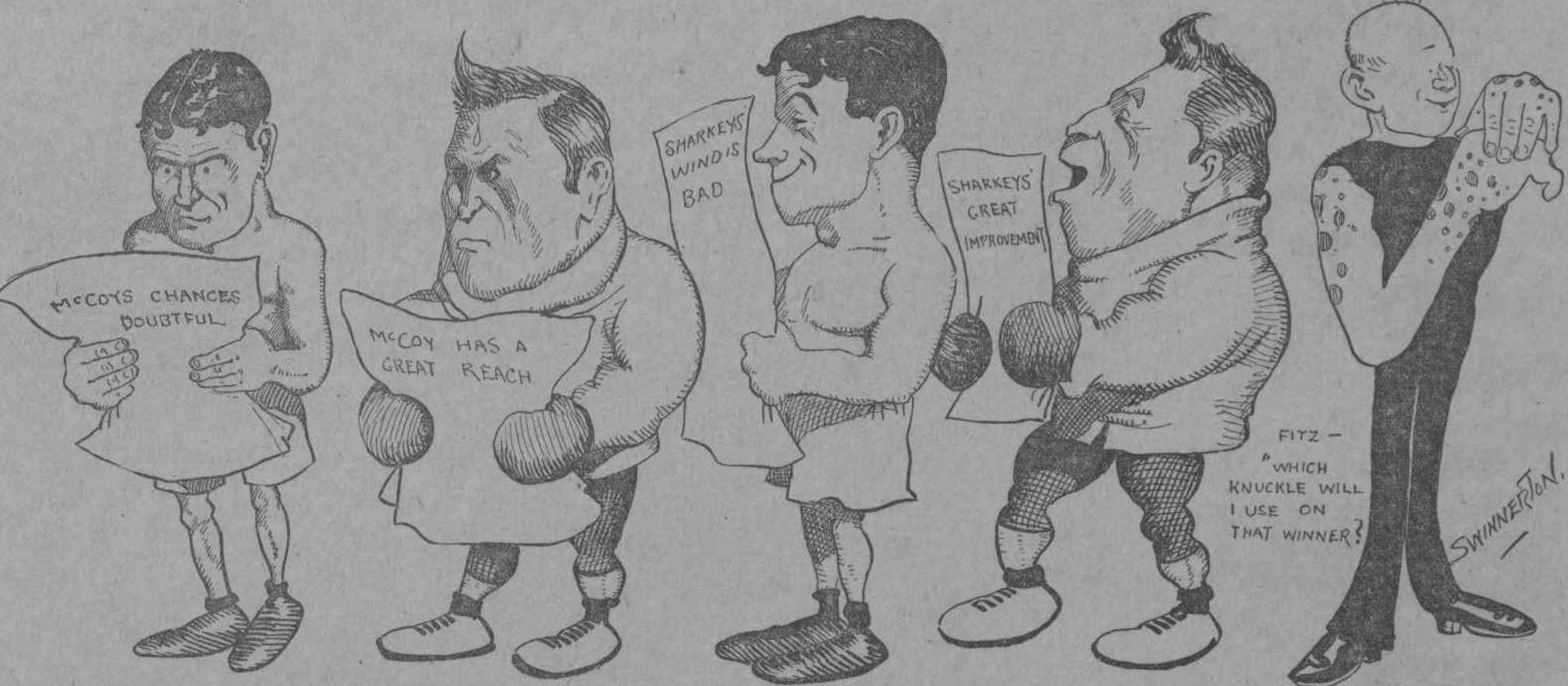
CREW MAY GO TO PARIS.

At the Executive Committee meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, which takes place in this city on January 21, the question of sending a crew to Paris in 1900 to compete in the international regatta will be brought up for discussion. Secretary Fred R. Portmeyer has received some letters from abroad bearing on the subject, and these he will bring to the consideration of the committee.

Both the Atlanta and Bohemian clubs are now completing preparing for the 1900 championships. The crew winning this event will undoubtedly be chosen to uphold American rowing honors in the international event which will be held during the fair in the gay French capital.

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HOW THE FIGHTERS TAKE THE NEWS AS THEY SEE IT IN THE PAPERS.



HOW FALCONS ARE TRAINED.



FALCONS ON THE GADGE.

In these days of hurry, bustle and confusion, where everything is record-breaking and almost every money-making scheme masquerades under the name of sport, it is refreshing to hear that the most famous of medieval pastimes, hawking or falconry, has never for a moment died out in England, and is now flourishing greatly there, although the circle of its votaries is a limited one.

Hawking is, and always was, an old-fashioned sport, demanding infinite care and patience, and apt to be uncertain because of the difficulty of training and keeping in condition anything so delicate as a bird. The amount of the quarry killed is small, and the sport is not measured by the number of slain. It can, moreover, only be followed in special country, such as open downs, moors and the like, and the general encroachment and cultivation of the land in England dealt falconry, as a popular sport, a blow from which it can never entirely recover.

Since hawking cannot be pursued at all in an enclosed or wooded country, and as the greater part of England is enclosed and hedgerow timber is the rule, it follows that this once universal sport must be limited to a few favored districts. Yet, for all that, the sport is still followed by enthusiasts, some entirely private, some managed by clubs, which can show sport of as good a class as was ever witnessed by our ancestors.

Peregrine Preferred.

Hawks of various species are used—the principal being the peregrine. Both in England and the East—the home and cradle of falconry—this noblest of falcons is the falconer's "stand-by." When taken from the nest it is generally trained to fly at game, such as grouse, partridge, pheasant, wild duck, the "passage hawk," or, of nature, wild-caught birds, taken as they migrate in the autumn, is generally used in the flight at the heron, rook, gull and the like, but when it has been in training for some time, not having become thoroughly tamed, it is used like the nestling for game of all kinds. There is hardly a bird worth catching that cannot be taken by the peregrine. In enclosed and wooded countries, where the peregrine cannot be used, the goshawk can be down at ground game, or at pheasants and partridges, as many of the best falconers have been taken in one afternoon by one of these birds.

At the head is the hood—a most important piece of furniture. It is not too much to say that the hood to the hawk is what the bridle is to the horse; it is the means whereby she is controlled, handled and made serviceable to man. It consists merely of a cap of stiff leather, by means of which the hawk is blindfolded to such an extent that while she sits per-

fectly comfortable and at ease, yet she can see no disturbing or alarming objects in the place and dash herself about. Without the hood she can with difficulty be handled, unless exceptionally tame, but with it placed on her head she can be carried, passed from hand to hand, tressed, in fact, almost like a stuffed bird. In the daily life of the hawk the hood is an important factor. At night they are left unhooded in a shuttered room, so that the early morning light shall bring with it no restlessness. Then the falconer in fine weather takes each hawk out to be placed on her block on the lawn. There they will sit and sun themselves, each in turn being offered a bath and generally availing itself thereof. Presently they begin to grow restless, having become dry and hungry, and ready to fly at quarry, so the falconer's attention is necessary. Each one is hooded and left in the sun and breeze for awhile before the day's sport begins.

The Falcon's Flight.

In an article upon the flight of falcons at partridge, C. E. Radcliffe, an English enthusiast, writes: "Most falconers prefer to use the tiercel or male peregrine, but personally I chiefly use the falcons or females, having found them most adapted for my flights, consisting as they do of mixed quarry, such as grouse, pheasants, partridges and wild duck. So, for example, on a certain warm and fine morning in September I watched my hawk bathe themselves in a pool of water near their blocks. I had four of the falcons, two old and two very young ones, hooded up and placed on the eagle, or wooden frame on which they are held. In the field, then, with my falconer and his assistant, and at our heels a pointer and two spaniels, we started on a three-mile tramp to the most open bit of country within reach where there were partridges in plenty.

"The ground we were to traverse was a large, open, beautiful meadow, with a few small patches of goose-bodies. In the centre were a few little cultivated fields, good feeding ground for our friends the partridges.

"We walked across the fields to drive the partridges out on to the open heath, as the hawk would have a better chance of killing in the open than if flown in the small enclosures, where the partridges would at once seek shelter in the hedges and ditches."

Mr. Radcliffe tells how to load and use the hawk. He says that he has seen a dog work to aid the hawk in the field, for a good meal, sitting with the quarry under them on the ground.

First Kill a Reward.

A hawk is allowed to eat all its first kill to encourage it to be keen at the next attempt. The older birds, however, are allowed to eat only the head, so as to be ready to fly again during the day.

On the day Mr. Radcliffe speaks of, he continues: "At the finish we found we had bagged four brace of partridges, these being the result of only seven flights; and two rabbits, which were caught by the spaniels. The young falcons had killed three birds; the two old ones three and two partridges respectively.

"This may not seem a big bag to men accustomed to our modern days of shooting with hammerless electro-guns, but it is a fine result of this latter method. I would sooner have such a day as I have briefly described once more than the best possible with a gun. Such sentiment will doubtless not appeal to all sportsmen, but there is a peculiar fascination and charm to the heart of every falconer in the fact that he has, as a result of his own teaching, made one of the wildest of creatures obedient to his will, and always ready to afford him amusement and sport when the opportunity presents itself."

That St. Louis Franchise.

St. Louis, Jan. 6.—The case of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company vs. Sportsman's Park and Club, involving the ownership of the baseball franchise now held in St. Louis by the Browns, was resumed to-day in Judge Spencer's division of the Circuit Court. Receiver Mackenhus endeavored to show that the baseball franchise was a part of the assets of the Sportsman's Park and Club. The case went over until next Friday, when it is expected that N. B. Young's deposition will have been obtained from Washington.

This party will make the journey on a special train. They will be under the guidance of "Jim" Kennedy, who, with Tim Hurst and Al Ellinghaus, a San Francisco expert, are conducting the race. Those riders who will probably be among

WESTWARD HO THE CYCLERS GO.

Will Soon Start for San Francisco on a Special Train.

ANOTHER SIX-DAY RACE.

Four Six-Day Races in Four Months for Miller Without Any Ill Effect.

After a day of rest, the survivors of the twenty-four-hour race which ended last night at Madison Square Garden will get in readiness for a trip to the Pacific coast. In February there will be a six-day race in Frisco, and as the purses offered are exactly of the same amount as those given in the recent race in New York City, the long-distance riders are anxious to undergo the trials of a six-day race over again, if by doing so they succeed in adding to their wealth.

Miller and his trainer, John West, will probably be the first of the long-distance aggregation to travel toward the setting sun. It is the intention of Miller and his followers to spend a week or ten days in Chicago, where the six-day marvel will receive the felicitations of his friends who await his coming. If possible Miller will endeavor to connect with the rest of the party, who leave New York some day this week.

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the number who will go Westward ho! are Frank Waller, Burns More, John Lawson, Louis Glim, Frank Albert, J. W. Nawn and Oscar Aronson. In all likelihood, a score or so of sprinters will accompany the long-distance contingent.

The track in the Mechanics' Pavilion will be in readiness for the men, and they will have the opportunity of almost a solid month of training.

However public opinion may be on the subject, these riders do not seem to dread the hardships of the day and night 142-hour struggle. It is less than a month since they finished the last one. Now they have added a twenty-four-hour race to their records, and are calmly contemplating another six-day race.

If the Frisco enterprise is successful, similar affairs may be promoted in Denver and St. Louis. The same crowd declare their willingness to participate in these races.

Moreover, Miller, after he goes through the fearful strain of four six-day races and twenty-four hour contest in less than four months, will only enjoy a brief respite before he sails for Europe, where he has several long-distance engagements.

One of these races abroad in which Miller will take part is to be a four days' continuous contest, and another of three days' duration. There is a prevailing opinion that even the sturdy Dutchman's physique will give way under the fearful strain of so many terrible races in succession. But he and his trainer both believe that with proper preparation and careful handling there should be no reason why he shouldn't end his programme without serious injury, and at the same time he has thousands of dollars richer.

The elements on this sort of news are invariably of the doubting nature. The shape who go up to obtain the "real, reliable" information about the man are his friends to the core, and they will listen to any rumor of that species. Any fellow who starts a report about an alleged injury to the sailor is promptly and heartily never break a hand until he breaks McCoy's jaw," is the style of reply made to all the rumor mongers.

OSCAR GARDNER'S DEFI.

To the Sporting Editor:

I wish to state in your paper that win or lose my coming battle with Dave Sullivan on the 15th, I am willing to defend the 116-pound class, of which I am champion, against any one in the world.

I think it very strange that Sullivan would only box me at catch weight when he offers to do the feather-weight limit in the case of Deen, and by boxing him at catch weight, an giving him a very least ten or twelve pounds the best of it.

Should I win or lose this contest with Sullivan I am open to meet any man in the world from 116 to 122 pounds for \$5,000 or any part, George Dixon preferred.

OSCAR GARDNER.
New York, January 7.

Those riders who will probably be among the survivors of the twenty-four-hour race will get in readiness for a trip to the Pacific coast. In February there will be a six-day race in Frisco, and as the purses offered are exactly of the same amount as those given in the recent race in New York City, the long-distance riders are anxious to undergo the trials of a six-day race over again, if by doing so they succeed in adding to their wealth.

NOTHING WRONG WITH SHARKEY.

The Sailor Pugilist Is Trained to the Hour for His Fight.

ONLY LIGHT WORK TO-DAY.

Lenox Club People Say \$35,000 Worth of Tickets Have Been Sold.

Tom Sharkey worked hard yesterday. To-day he will take things easier. A little sparring and routine labor, but more loafing, constitute his day's business. Only just enough, you know, to prevent the muscles from taking on the slightest stiffness.

The appearance of the man, must gratify his closest friend. The writer, who saw the sailor while preparing for both Ruhlin and Corbett, is willing to testify that Tom Sharkey is in better condition than he was for either of the contests referred to. Not that he is any bigger. On the contrary, Sharkey will probably enter the ring three or four pounds lighter than he was when he fought Corbett, and six pounds less than when he met Ruhlin. Perhaps more.

But there is that in the color of his skin and the light of his eye which proves to the careful observer that the athlete is the athlete of a nearly new form. The quick glance, the ruddy glow, the fast, electric-like movement of the whole anatomy—head, hands, feet—even in casual conversation, disclose the highest, healthful condition of the blood. These signs in one of Sharkey's naturally phlegmatic temperaments display the results of honest, regular and sincere exercise, begun by the athlete to bring about the entire change.

It must not be assumed from this that Sharkey is one of the nervous, hot-headed kind, like Corbett, when he went to him. His manner of speech was as courteous and guarded as it was before he did his first day's work; but, with every sentence that he almost always spoke, there was a vivacity of expression, or twinkle of the eye, or something of added earnestness, that could only be noticed as coming from the accumulated willingness, eagerness and length of the man who had been so faithfully "conditioning" himself for a contest that could only be noticed as coming from the result of will, means so much to him.

Crowds have been going up to the Lenox Athletic Club house every day to see Sharkey at his work, only a price-legend few get in. The others hang around the corners of the vicinity to wait for news as to how Sharkey "is doing." They receive all kinds of information. Sometimes a report floats around that the sailor has broken his hand while punching a bag. Again it will be said that he has twisted an ankle, or sprained a tendon in this place or the other.

The elements on this sort of news are invariably of the doubting nature. The shape who go up to obtain the "real, reliable" information about the man are his friends to the core, and they will listen to any rumor of that species. Any fellow who starts a report about an alleged injury to the sailor is promptly and heartily never break a hand until he breaks McCoy's jaw," is the style of reply made to all the rumor mongers.

Astor to Cruise in His Yacht.

Captain Curtis, of John Jacob Astor's steam yacht *Nourmahel*, began yesterday to fit out the vessel preparatory to sailing about the coast of January for Marseilles, France. The *Nourmahel* has been out of commission since the Fall of 1897, when she was placed in the hands of a repairer, and is now being fitted up. Mrs. Astor and her son sailed recently for Marseilles for Europe, and will join the *Nourmahel* at Marseilles.

Manly Vigor—No Drugs.



When I started out 30 years ago as a young doctor in treating weak men, I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found there was really so little reliance to be placed in medical treatment, I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to regain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system and glands, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, etc.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of a general treatment, because electricity is strength or nerve force, and it supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimulation, without a particle of danger. In the beginning I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-application was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required, one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

That first chain of cells was the beginning of what has devel-

DR. A. SANDEN, 826 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

oped into my 1899 model Dr. Sanden

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